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English

Time Travel Project story

Survive

Have you ever had a life-changing event? Well, I did. Mine happened a few years ago. I'm Stella and this is the story of my life-changing event. It was like any normal day, my friends and I were leaving school.

I forgot my lunch bag and ran back inside to grab it. The halls were empty and silent, I found my lunch box and ran to catch up to my friends.

The next thing I knew I was in a room full of men. "Labanan natin ang U.S." shouted one of the men. The man who shouted was dressed in military attire and standing on a big stage. Suddenly everyone in the room started cheering. They all yelled "Kalayaan para sa Pilipinas,"

I was shocked and scared.

All of a sudden a man came from behind and grabbed me. I started screaming, "Let go." However, his grip didn't let up. He then looked at the man on the stage, I looked up too. The man then started talking, I was too scared to make out what he was saying. The man on the stage then stepped down and looked at me.

He said "Ano ang iyong pangalan?"

I was able to make out what he was saying. I said my name was Stella. He looked at me confused, and then all of a sudden he asked me "Are you a spy?"

I responded, "No, I don't even know where I am." He then looked at the man grabbing me. He then grabbed a gun and pointed at my head. I started screaming and crying, then I heard a bang.

“Stella wake up! What's wrong?” Where am I? I asked the mysterious person. I then looked up and saw that it was the school principal Mrs. Smith. “Stella, I found you on the floor so I took you to the nurse's office.”

“Oh,” I said, what happened after that?

Mrs. Smith said, “You were out for an hour and then when you woke up you were screaming and crying.” Mrs. Smith then went up and grabbed a cup of water for me.

I said “Thanks.” Mrs. Smith then looked at me again and asked, “Did you have a bad dream?”

How could I tell her about what happened, that I magically went to some random room and almost got shot? Of course not, she would think that I've gone insane.

“Sweetie, would you like me to drive home or call your mom?” I just said either one is fine. Mrs. Smith then said ok we can do both. Let me just grab my bag, meet me in front of the school ok? I just nodded my head and grabbed my stuff.

I started walking out to the front, I then stopped to look in the glass and saw that my shirt had blood from where that man shot me. I started to wonder if Mrs. Smith saw the stain and thought that I had it there before. I just continued to the front and waited a few minutes. Mrs. Smith then walked out and unlocked her car. She placed her stuff in the car and told me I could sit in the front or back of the car. I choose to sit in the back.

My head was spiraling. What just happened? Where did I go? And am I even alive? These questions just kept spinning in my head.

The moment I got home I went straight to bed.

Mrs. Smith spoke to my mother and told her about what happened at school. My mom then came up and gave me a light dinner and said if I still didn't feel good I could stay home tomorrow. I told her that I was fine and just needed to rest a little bit. She then left, and I went to sleep thinking about how real that experience was.

My mom dropped me off at school today and said that if I feel sick or light-headed then go to the nurse's office. I just nodded my head, grabbed my stuff, and said bye. The first period was fine but I was a little worried about it since we had to start a new unit in history.

While putting my stuff down my friends from yesterday were wondering what happened to me. They said that they were late to their activities and told the principal that I was still inside. I told them that I was fine and that I had a hard time looking for my lunch box.

There was still time before class so I decided to go to the restroom. I walked out and then I was suddenly in a field. I ran out since my socks were soaking wet, after I ran out I looked around to see where I was. I saw a person staring at me. He looked young and hard working. I tried to ask him where I was, but he started running. I ran after him and tried to tell him to stop running. Luckily he tripped and fell down, which was a good and bad thing. I tried asking him his name but he looked scared and confused.

The boy then started saying "Please wag mo akong saktan!"

I then realized that he was speaking Tagalog. I'm not that good at speaking Tagalog but I tried my best to say my name was Stella. I then tried to ask him his name and how old he was.

The boy replied, "I'm Ezekial and I'm 14 years old."

I then told him that I was the same age as him, I then asked him why he ran from me. Ezekial then replied, "You don't look like you from around here, so I thought that you were a spy." I then told Ezekial that he was the second person to think that.

Ezekial looked up and down at me and said, "Well it's probably because you talked differently and have different clothes than the other women here." I then asked him what that had to do with me being called a spy. I mean in this time and era these clothes and speaking another language were normal. Ezekial then stood up and said you do realize that our country is in a war?

I looked at him confused... a war? "The U.S. hasn't been in a war for years I told him." Ezekial then looked at me confused. Years? Yes, years I told him. Ezekial started laughing that would be

impossible, that would mean you from the future. I looked at him weirdly, I then asked him where are we. Ezekiel then replied you're in the Philippines.

All of a sudden I heard footsteps running. I turned around and I was back in the history classroom. Stella, would you like to take a seat? You've been standing there for the past five minutes. I looked at the board and 2020 was written in the year spot. I then looked at the teacher and asked him where I was. He responded with your middle school in California. The class then started laughing,

I walked back to my seat and laid my head in my arms. I wasn't embarrassed by the question I just asked. I was more confused about how I went to the Philippines.

I also know for sure this time it wasn't just a bad dream because my socks were still soaking wet.

If I truly was just standing in the doorway for five minutes then my socks should have not been so wet. I then looked up at the board again and saw that our new unit in history was about the Philippines. I then remembered what Ezekial said "You're in the Philippines. You do realize that our country is in a war right?"

Without thinking my arm bolted up into the air. The teacher looked at me and asked "Yes?" I then asked him "Was there a war in the Philippines?"

The teacher then looked annoyed at me and said "Well Ms. Stella if you choose to take a seat instead of standing in the doorway for five minutes, then you would have heard that there was a war in the Philippines." I then asked what was the war called. He then responded with "The one we will be going over is the Philippine-American war." I then said thank you. The Philippine-American war, I thought.

I then started to get another headache, Ezekial never told me anything about who the Philippines was at war with, how would I figure out what to do if I didn't even know what war the Philippines was in? The bell then rang, and everyone packed up their bags and headed to lunch.

My friends came over and said, "What is going on with you I mean first it is unlikely for you to search for your lunch box that long and also standing in the doorway for five minutes." I always leave my lunch box behind but it usually takes me one or two minutes to find since it's so bright, but the doorway was weird. I then started to question why that experience when I got shot felt so short but when I came

back it was a long time here. Then when I met Ezekial it felt really long but when I came back it felt short.

I then yelled, "WHAT IS GOING ON HERE?"

Everyone in the classroom then looked at me. I then turned around and started to apologize to the people who were remaining in the room. My friends then sighed and asked if I was ready to go to lunch. I nodded my head, but I kinda didn't want to go.

I wanted to learn more about the wars that occurred in the Philippines. If I understood what wars happened there then maybe I would be more prepared for the next visit. After history the rest of the school day was normal.

I had to stay late today because of a school activity. After I completed the activity I went to the locker rooms.

I closed my locker door and I saw Ezekiel sitting under a tree completely upset and destroyed. Ezekiel I called out, he looked up. There were tears streaming down his face. I looked at his hands and there was a necklace, but the necklace was covered in blood.

I looked again at his face and there was also blood on his face.

I asked him what happened, Ezekial then told me that his family's house was in the middle of a war zone. The troops came inside his family's house and everyone inside died.

Ezekial then started crying again and spoke again. I tried to save my sister, she was still breathing. However, she stopped breathing and died. I felt so sorry for Ezekial, I didn't know what to say or do. Ezekial then spoke again and said during that whole time I was never there, he started to sob louder.

I sat next to Ezekial and told him that I was sorry for his losses. I then asked Ezekial who the Philippines was fighting against. I know it's not the right time to ask, but if I wanted to survive I had to know what war I was in.

Ezekial looked at me and said the U.S. I looked at him in shock.

Ezekial then stood up and said we better get moving. I asked him “Why?” Ezekial then said, “Because the Philippine revolution army is coming, you disappeared last time they came.” Ezekial looked at me and said, “Let’s go.”

I started to follow him into the forest. Ezekial started to run faster and said “We have to go deeper into the forest that way they won’t find you.” I again asked Ezekial “Why?” He spoke again saying your clothes aren’t normal here and if you just naturally go back to your other language they may think you are a spy.

I then asked Ezekial where we were headed. Ezekial pointed at a little house at the end of the forest. When we arrived at the house Ezekial looked around for something, when he finally found it he handed it to me.

I asked him what it was. Ezekiel said “It’s a baro’t saya, and an old friend gave it to me. I started to laugh “Why would an old friend give you a dress?” Ezekiel started to look flustered “It wasn’t for me it was for my sister.” He calmed down and looked at me “She made it for her 13th birthday, but you can use it.” I told Ezekial that using his sister’s clothes was weird and unsettling considering the fact that she died.

Ezekial looked and said it is fine besides green was never her color anyway. Ezekial then pointed outside and said there is a shower outside to the left.

He stepped outside and I followed him. Ezekiel then grabbed the bucket and there was a river at the bottom, go get your water to shower. I looked at him annoyed, Ezekial saw and said: “Well I can’t do both I have to also get food if you want to eat.” I said, “Fine.”

I walked down to the river and grabbed some water, I then showered. I placed the baro’t saya on it was hot and itchy on the inside. Ezekiel came back with some fruit so he made a tangerine soup. It was very sweet and warm, after eating Ezekial searched around the house for nets. The nets were supposed to keep bugs and other animals out.

Ezekial came back and said, “ I can’t find any of the nets.” I looked at the orange peels and I told Ezekial “that we should dry them and wave the smoke around.” Ezekial thought that was a good idea and

started to dry the orange peels. I found a pot to put the smoked peels in. Ezekial came in and placed the peels in there.

We then went to sleep.

Ezekial. Stella who is Ezekial?

I looked around, I wasn't in the house anymore I was in my house. My mom looked at me confused, she then asked "Where did you get that dress?"

I looked down and saw that I still had the dress from Ezekial on. I then started to think. If I came back with the dress and I also came back with the blood and wet socks. Then that must mean I can bring and take stuff back.

"Stella, Stella, STELLA." I looked at my mom she asked again

"Where did you get that dress?" I told her a friend gave it. She left the room and said to change and dinner will be ready in a few. I wasn't that hungry considering how I ate like a few minutes earlier.

Even though I just ate I'll still go down. I changed into pj's and went downstairs to eat a little bit. I was about to walk up the stairs when I asked my mom "Do we have any extra backpacks?"

My mom asked why but then said never mind and told me to check the the closet. I went to the closest and saw a small bag, I grabbed it and took it to my room

. I started to pack the bag with essentials such as medical supplies, a glass bottle, and other supplies. I also packed the baro't saya in my bag too. I then placed the small bag next to me in bed, just in case I went back.

I woke up the next morning still in my house, so I packed the small bag in my school bag. I then went to school. During school, I made sure that I always had the small bag in hand or close to me.

Then when walking to my next class I was back at the house. Ezekial was sitting on the floor. I called out to him and he turned around. I then looked at my hand. I managed to bring the small bag with me, so I changed into the bayong and went to Ezekial.

Ezekial said he wanted to leave Manila that it was too dangerous for him and me. I agreed with him, and I then asked him how. He said that we could walk and travel by boat to Luzon where it is safer.

He then handed me a bag it was a bayong, I placed the small bag inside the bayong. We also placed some money in the bag and dried orange peels.

We then left the house and traveled through the forest. While walking I asked, "Ezekial why is the Philippines even in a war?"

Ezekial responded "Some people want independence for the Philippines, the person who leads them is Emilio Aguinaldo. He wants the Philippines to be free." I then was about to tell Ezekial that I met Emilio Aguinaldo, but I heard a bang.

I turned around and Ezekial fell to the floor. Ezekial was shot through the head, I then heard another bang. I started to feel lightheaded.

Am I going to die here...